

## The Rockwood Review.

of English. The cost of maintenance averages about \$225 per annum to each pupil. Few holidays are given, but a week being permitted at intervals, and a month in December, while many of the pupils remain here for years without visiting their homes. The ages of the students range from 10 to 21, and many are fine manly fellows. All however have the Spanish characteristics of ungoverned passion, while many lack moral stamina, or possess the old moral standards of their forefathers—good in their way it may be, but not altogether conforming to moral ethics.

A bell is rung at half-past five each morning, when all the boys leave their dormitories, and proceed to the lavatories and bath rooms. At half past six we teachers rise, and prepare for the coffee and hot roll which take the place of a northern breakfast. From the diningroom all hurry down to the larger schoolroom, where the nominal roll is called and studies are entered upon. At eight o'clock the classes are arranged, and each teacher takes his charge. During the morning work, a barbarous din is maintained by the pupils, but who nevertheless are making a genuine effort to learn. The conception of order or of discipline seems never to have dawned upon them.

I take a class of young Spaniards, varying in age from ten to thirteen, and by the Berlitz method endeavor to teach them to speak in English. Many of them do not know a word of the language. While they learn something, I acquire much, and in this manner am afforded opportunity to improve my Spanish. I am forced to shamefacedly confess that up to this new experience, I have spent but little time in honest study of this very necessary language, although able to converse in it to some degree, and to understand most of what is addressed to me. Spanish is very difficult to master, but it is a beautiful lan-

guage, rich to luxuriance and in sound perfect. The pupils walk about the room heedless of reprimand, and often to understand one's meaning other than from the tone in which reproof is conveyed. All classes seem to attempt to drown each other's sound in the unchecked discord that floats—nay surges—from room to rooin. To maintain your balance you feel compelled to have your class exceed the others in the production of noise. It seems impossible to introduce modern methods of discipline, as we are not allowed to punish. I did of my own accord chastise one boy for telling me to "shut up" while we were in classment, and the young Don ran about wildly seeking a weapon with which to assail me. So fiery and uncontrollable are these young students, that they cannot be punished without the risk of an emeute, or worse, and life is too valuable to its possessor to be risked in an effort to do what the parent ought to have done before. In this neglect, or avoidance of trouble, rather the Spanish American fathers and mothers, have for generations laid the foundation of the turbulence, which ever and anon threatens the very existence of South American governments. But when not crossed and so aroused, the boys are really fine fellows, and one's heart warns to the better side of them, despite this social canker of "let alone," which is a blot upon the best interests of the country.

My comrade is teaching English to another new class, some of the members of which speak only Dutch, or Passiemento, the language of the lower class of people here, and a horrible patois it is, part French, part Dutch, part Spanish and the remainder Negro. Add to the noise and monotonous droning of the class, the continuous ringing of bells here and there, and you have a conception of an uproar which outdoes the confusion of a Babel. Lessons last one hour. From ten to twelve we rest in our